



STAND AT MY GRAVE AND  
— ♦ —  
Do not stand at my grave and  
I am not there. I do not sleep  
I am a thousand winds that blow  
I am the diamond glints on snow  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain  
I am the gentle autumn rain.  
When you awaken in the morning  
I am the swift uplifting rush  
Of quiet birds in circled flight  
I am the soft stars that shine  
Do not stand at my grave and

# Trapped



👁 30 ✓ 0 ★ 1

## Chapter 1 by Thoswald the Female

Trapped,  
Inside my head.  
Inside my mind.  
Nothingness.  
Pain.  
Numbness.  
Torture.  
Trapped alone.  
With all my thoughts.  
My actions coming from a place of pain.  
Don't speak up.  
Don't voice the sorrow.  
They don't understand.  
No one knows.  
No one needs to know.  
I'm smiling, but inside I'm dying.

Shriveling.

Picture

A dark shadow.

Crumbled in my mind.

On the outside,

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A shell.  
Encased in all the lies.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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